

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Account of a Tour in Normandy: undertaken chiefly for the purpose of investigating the Architectural Antiquities of the Duchy; with Observations on its History, on the Country, and on its Inhabitants. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. [By Dawson Turner, Esq. A. M., F. R. S., L. S., &c. Author of 'Historia Furcorum.'] 2 vols. royal 8vo. pp. 527. London, 1820.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Turner, who has been so modest as to withhold his name from the title page of his work, tells us in his preface, that he is 'without the slightest pretensions to the character either of an architect or an antiquarian;' yet he is the most ingenious and agreeable writer on architectural antiquities that we ever met with.

After toiling through whole volumes of dulness and insipidity, as we, in our profession of reviewers, are often doomed to do, it is really refreshing to meet with a work like this, where every page is full of interest, and where our only regret is that we can communicate to our readers but a very small portion of the pleasure we feel.

Mr. Turner has had the felicity of writing two volumes which must please every class of readers. The architect, the antiquary, the voyager, and even the lover of light reading, will here find his own particular taste abundantly gratified. The author exhibits much learning and acuteness of observation, clothed in a holiday dress, which renders it doubly agreeable. An easy, elegant, and lively style of writing marks the profoundest part of this excellent work.—But we are detaining our readers from the work itself, an injury which will scarcely be compensated by any thing we can say in its praise.

Mr. Turner has chosen the epistolary stile: his work consists of a series of letters, the first of which is dated Dieppe, June, 1818, and gives an account of that town. A small house on the western pier particularly attracted his notice; it was built by Louis XVI. for the residence of a sailor, who, by saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners, had deserved well of his sovereign and his country; its front bears, 'A Jn. Ar. Bouzard, pour ses services maritimes.' The author contrasts the conduct of the French in erecting these public memorials for public virtues, to our neglect of Captain Manby, 'to whom above one hundred and thirty mariners are even now indebted for their existence.' The inhabitants of Dieppe are good humoured and industrious. The young are generally pretty, the old tanned and ugly. The transition from youth to age seems without any intermediate gradation. The costume of the females of the middle and lower orders is remarkable. Most of them wear high pyramidical caps, with long lappets, entirely concealing their hair; red, blue, or black corsets, large wooden shoes, black stockings, and

full scarlet petticoats of the coarsest woollen; pockets of some different dye attached to the outside, and not uncommonly the appendage of a key or corkscrew. The costume of the females of higher rank is very becoming; they wear muslin caps opening in front to shew their graceful ringlets, coloured gowns, scarlet handkerchiefs, and black aprons. But nothing connected with the costume or manners of the people at Dieppe is equally interesting as that which refers to the inhabitants of the suburb, called Pollet, of which Mr. T. gives the following account, written many years ago, but which is still a correct description:—

'Three-fourths of the natives of this part of the town are fishermen, and not less effectually distinguished from the citizens of Dieppe by their name of Poltese, taken from their place of residence, than by the difference in their dress and language, the simplicity of their manners, and the narrow extent of their acquirements. To the present hour, they continue to preserve the same costume as in the sixteenth century; wearing trowsers covered with wide short petticoats, which open in the middle to afford room for the legs to move, and woollen waistcoats laced in the front with ribands, and tucked below into the waistband of their trowsers. Over these waistcoats is a close coat, without buttons or fastenings of any kind, which falls so low as to hide their petticoats and extend a foot or more beyond them. These articles of apparel are usually of cloth or serge of a uniform colour, and either red or blue; for they interdict every other variation, except that all the seams of their dress are faced with white silk galloon, full an inch in width. To complete the whole, instead of hats, they have on their heads caps of velvet or coloured cloth, forming a *tout-ensemble* of attire, which is evidently ancient, but far from unpicturesque or displeasing. Thus clad, the Poltese, though in the midst of the kingdom, have the appearance of a distinct and foreign colony; whilst, occupied incessantly in fishing, they have remained equally strangers to the civilization and politeness, which the progress of letters during the last two centuries has diffused over France. Nay, scarcely are they acquainted with four hundred words of the French language: and these they pronounce with an idiom exclusively their own, adding to each an oath, by way of epithet; a habit so inveterate with them, that even at confession, at the moment of seeking absolution for the practice, it is no uncommon thing with them to swear they will be guilty of it no more. To balance, however, this defect, their morals are uncorrupted, their fidelity is exemplary, and they are laborious and charitable, and zealous for the honour of their country, in whose cause they often bleed, as well as for their priests, in defence of whom they once threatened to throw the Archbishop of Rouen into the river, and were well nigh executing their threats.'

In an account of the superstitions of the Roman Catholic church, which are very rigidly preserved in Normandy, we have a curious description of the Feast of the Assumption, instituted by the Governor Des Marets in 1443, in honour of the final expulsion of the English:—

'About Midsummer, the principal inhabitants used to as-

semble at the Hotel de Ville, and there they selected the girl of the most exemplary character, to represent the Virgin Mary, and with her six other young women, to act the parts of the daughters of Sion. The honour of figuring in this holy drama was greatly coveted; and the historian of Dieppe gravely assures us, that the earnestness felt on the occasion mainly contributed to the preservation of that purity of manners and that genuine piety, which subsisted in this town longer than in any other in France! But the election of the Virgin was not sufficient: a representative of St. Peter was also to be found among the clergy; and the laity were so far favoured that they were permitted to furnish the eleven other apostles. This done, upon the fourteenth of August, the Virgin was laid in a cradle of the form of a tomb, and was carried early in the morning, attended by her suite of either sex, to the church of St. Jacques; while before the door of the master of the guild was stretched a large carpet, embroidered with verses in letters of gold, setting forth his own good qualities, and his love for the holy Mary. Hither also, as soon as *laudes* had been sung, the procession repaired from the church, and then they were joined by the governor of the town, the members of the guild, the municipal officers, and the clergy of the parish of St. Remi. Thus attended, they paraded the town, singing hymns, which were accompanied by a full band. The procession was increased by the great body of the inhabitants; and its impressiveness was still farther augmented by numbers of the youth of either sex, who assumed the garb and attributes of their patron saints, and mixed in the immediate train of the principal actors. They then again repaired to the church, where *Te Deum* was sung by the full choir, in commemoration of the victory over the English, and high mass was performed, and the sacrament administered to the whole party. During the service, a scenic representation was given of the Assumption of the Virgin. A scaffolding was raised, reaching nearly to the top of the dome, and supporting an azure canopy intended to emulate the "spangled vault of heaven;" and about two feet below the summit of it appeared, seated on a splendid throne, an old man as the image of the Father Almighty, a representation equally absurd and impious, and which could alone be tolerated by the votaries of the blasted superstitions of popery. On either side four pasteboard angels of the size of men floated in the air, and flapped their wings in cadence to the sounds of the organ; while above was suspended a large triangle, at whose corners were placed three smaller angels, who, at the intermission of each office, performed upon a set of little bells the hymn of "Ave Maria gratia Dei plena per Secula," &c. accompanied by a larger angel on each side with a trumpet. To complete this portion of the spectacle, two others, below the old man's feet, held tapers, which were lighted as the services began, and extinguished at their close; on which occasions the figures were made to express reluctance by turning quickly about; so that it required some dexterity to apply the extinguishers. At the commencement of the mass, two of the angels by the side of the Almighty descended to the foot of the altar, and, placing themselves by the tomb, in which a pasteboard figure of the Virgin had been substituted for her living representative, gently raised it to the feet of the Father. The image, as it mounted, from time to time lifted its head and extended its arms, as if conscious of the approaching beatitude, then, after having received the benediction and been encircled by another angel with a crown of glory, it gradually disappeared behind the clouds. At this instant a buffoon, who all the time had been playing his antics below, burst into an extravagant fit of joy; at one moment clapping his hands most violently, at the next stretching himself out as if dead. Finally, he ran up to the feet of the old man, and hid himself under his legs, so as to shew only his head. The people called him Grimaldi, an appellation that appears to have belonged to him by usage, and it is a singular coincidence that the surname of the noblest family of Genoa the Proud, thus assigned by the rude rabble of a seaport to their buffoon, should belong of right to the sire and son, whose

mops and mowes afford pastime to the upper gallery at Covent Garden.

"Thus did the pageant proceed in all its grotesque glory, and, while—

"These labour'd nothings in so strange a style
Amazed the unlearned, and made the learned smile,"

the children shouted aloud for their favourite Grimaldi; the priests, accompanied with bells, trumpets, and organs, thundered out the mass; the pious were loud in their exclamations of rapture at the devotion of the Virgin; and the whole church was filled with "un non so che di raucò ed indistinto."—But I have told you enough of this foolish story, of which it were well if the folly had been the worst. The sequel was in the same taste and style, and ended with the euthanasia of all similar representations, a hearty dinner.

Notwithstanding all that has been written to prove that those relics of military architecture called *Cæsar's Camp*, was not a Roman encampment, but an erection of more modern times, Mr. Turner is of the former opinion. The castle of Arques, the antiquity of which is unquestionable, as it was a place of importance at the time of William the Conqueror, has been much distinguished by its numerous sieges:—

"In 1584, it was captured by a party of soldiers disguised like sailors, who, being suffered to approach without distrust, put the sentinels to the sword, and made themselves masters of the fortress; while in 1589, it obtained its last and most honourable distinction, as the chief support of Henry IVth, at the time of his being received at Dieppe, and as having, by the cannon from its ramparts, materially contributed to the glorious defeat of the army of the league, commanded by the Duke de Mayenne, when thirty thousand were compelled to retire before one-tenth of the number. I have already mentioned to you the address of this King to the citizens of Dieppe: still more magnanimous was his speech to his prisoner the Count de Belin, previously to this battle, when, on the captive's daring to ask, how with such a handful of men, he could expect to resist so powerful an army, "Ajoutez," he answered, "aux troupes que vous voyez, mon bon droit, et vous ne douterez plus de quel côté sera la victoire."

It was at Arques that Henry IV. of France gained an important victory, although it is said that Bonaparte, on visiting the field of battle and ascertaining the position of the two armies, declared that the King ought to have lost the day, for that his tactics were altogether faulty.

From Dieppe, Mr. Turner proceeded to Rouen. The bridge of boats about the middle of the quay is a great object of attraction to all strangers, more from the novelty and singularity of its construction than from its beauty:—

"Utility rather than elegance was consulted by the builder. This far-famed structure is ugly and cumbrous, and a passenger feels a very unpleasant sensation if he happens to stand upon it when a loaded waggon drives along it at low water, at which time there is a considerable descent from the side of the suburbs. An undulatory motion is then occasioned, which goes on gradually from boat to boat till it reaches the opposite shore. The bridge is supported upon nineteen large barges, which rise and fall with the tide, and are so put together that one or more can easily be removed as often as it is necessary to allow any vessel to pass. The whole, too, can be entirely taken away in six hours, a construction highly useful in a river peculiarly liable to floods from sudden thaws, which sometimes occasion such an increase of the waters, as to render the lower stories of the houses in the adjacent parts of the city uninhabitable. The bridge itself was destroyed by a similar accident, in 1709, for want of a timely removal. Its plan is commonly attributed to a monk of the order of St. Augustine, by whom it was erected in 1626, about sixty years after the stone bridge, built by the Empress Matilda in 1167,

had ceased to be passable. It seems the fate of Rouen to have wonderful bridges. The present is dignified by some writers with the high title of a miracle of art; the former is said by Taillepié, in whose time it was standing, to have been "un des plus beaux edifices et des plus admirables de la France." A few lines afterwards, however, this ingenuous writer confesses that loaded carriages of any kind were seldom suffered to pass this admirable edifice, in consequence of the expence of repairing it; but that two barges were continually plying for the transport of heavy goods.

In the nuns of a monastery at Montvilliers there are some curious devices on the capitals of the pillars. One of these represents—

'An angel weighing the good works of the deceased against his evil deeds: and, as the former are far exceeding the avoirdupois upon which Satan is to found his claim, he is endeavouring most unfairly to depress the scale with his two-pronged fork.

'This allegory is of frequent occurrence in the monkish legends.—The saint, who was aware of the frauds of the fiend, resolved to hold the balance himself. He began by throwing in a pilgrimage to a miraculous virgin. The devil pulled out an assignation with some fair mortal Madonna, who had ceased to be immaculate. The saint laid in the scale the sackcloth and ashes of the penitent of Lenten-time. Satan answered the deposit by the vizard and leafy-robe of the masker of the carnival. Thus did they still continue equally interchanging the sorrows of godliness with the sweets of sin, and still the saint was distressed beyond compare, by observing that the scale of the wicked thing, (wise men call him the correcting principle,) always seemed the heaviest. Almost did he despair of his client's salvation, when he luckily saw eight little jetty black claws just hooking and clenching over the rim of the golden basin. The claws at once betrayed the craft of the cloven foot. Old Nick had put a little cunning young devil under the balance, who, following the dictates of his senior, kept clinging to the scale, and swaying it down with all his might and main. The saint sent the imp to his proper place in a moment, and instantly the burthen of transgression was seen to kick the beam.

'Painters and sculptors also often introduced this ancient allegory of the balance of good and evil, in their representations of the last judgment: it was even employed by Lucas Kranach.'

Our limits will not at present allow us to give more than one additional extract; it is descriptive of the beggars along the roads in France:—

'Poverty, the inseparable companion of a manufacturing population, shews itself in the number of beggars that infest this road as well as that from Calais to Paris. They station themselves by the side of every hill, as regularly as the mendicants of Rome were wont to do upon the bridges. Sometimes a small nosegay thrown into your carriage announces the petition in language, which, though mute, is more likely to prove efficacious than the loudest prayer. Most commonly, however, there is no lack of words; and, after a plaintive voice has repeatedly assailed you with, "une petite charité, s'il vous plait, Messieurs et Dames," an appeal is generally made to your devotion, by their gabbling over the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, with the greatest possible velocity. At the conclusion, I have often been told that they have repeated them once, and will do so a second time if I desire it! Should all this prove ineffectual, you will not fail to hear "al-lons, Messieurs et Dames, pour l'amour de Dieu, qu'il vous donne un bon voyage," or probably a song or two; the whole interlarded with scraps of prayers, and ave-marias, and promises to secure you "santé et salut." They go through it with an earnestness and pertinacity almost inconceivable, whatever rebuffs they may receive. Their good temper, too, is undisturbed, and their face is generally as piteous as their language and tone; though, every now and then, a laugh will

out, and probably at the very moment when they are telling you they are "pauvres petits misérables," or "petits malheureux, qui n'ont ni père ni mère." With all this they are excellent flatterers. An Englishman is sure to be "milord," and a lady to be "ma belle duchesse," or "ma belle princesse." They will try, too, to please you by "vivent les Anglais, vive Louis dix-huit." In 1814 and 1815, I remember the cry used commonly to be "vive Napoléon," but they have now learned better; and, in truth, they had no reason to bear attachment to the ex-emperor, an early maxim of whose policy it was to rid the face of the country of this description of persons, for which purpose he established workhouses, or *dépôts de mendicité*, in each department, and his gendarmes were directed to proceed in the most summary manner, by conveying every mendicant and vagrant to these receptacles, without listening to any excuse, or granting any delay. He had no clear idea of the necessity of the gentle formalities of a summons, and a pass under his worship's hand and seal. And, without entering into the elaborate researches respecting the original habitat of a *mumper*, which are required by the English law, he thought that pauperism could be sufficiently protected by consigning the specimen to the nearest cabinet. The simple and rigorous plan of Napoleon was conformable to the nature of his government, and it effectually answered the purpose. The day, therefore, of his exile to Elba, was as a "Beggar's Opera" throughout France; and they have kept up the Jubilee to the present hour, and seem likely to persist in maintaining it.'

(To be continued.)

A View of the Agriculture, Manufactures, Statistics, and State of Society of Germany, and parts of Holland and France. Taken during a Journey through those Countries in 1819. By William Jacob, Esq. F. R. S. 4to. pp. 454. London, 1820.

MR. JACOB is a sensible and intelligent traveller, who contents himself with observing what is interesting, and narrating facts as he has seen them, without attempting to account for every thing on some pre-conceived theory, or to weary his readers with dry disquisitions. Although an acquaintance with the agriculture of the countries through which he travelled appears to have been his principal object, yet he has not been inattentive to the state of society, and to the peculiar manners and customs of the inhabitants. It is thus that he has furnished a work both valuable and interesting.

In Holland, a country which, except in the industry of its inhabitants, furnishes very little worthy of imitation, Mr. Jacob noticed the great punctuality of their modes of conveyance:—

'The diligences and treckschuyts start at the time appointed, during the striking of the clock. If you are told that the hour is seven, you may be sure to be away before the fourth of the seven strokes has sounded. The precision at which the hour of arrival is fixed is such that you may depend upon it within a very few minutes.'

We would recommend this Dutch punctuality to the proprietors and knights of the whip, who have the management of the coaches that go short stages from London. We are sure that ultimately it would be to their own benefit, and would contribute much to the comfort of the passengers.

In Holland, Mr. Jacob learned that Catholics are preferred as domestic servants, both by the different sects of protestants and those of their own faith. The reason assigned for this is, that if the Catholics purloin any thing, when they go to confession, the priest will insist on their

making restitution before he will administer absolution; and the knowledge of this is thought to be a restraint on the disposition to pilfer.

In the house of a Catholic farmer near Deutchem, Mr. J. saw some pictures upon religious subjects, which exhibited genuine Dutch drollery:—

‘One piece represented the seven sacraments of their church; under the head of confession, a priest was represented sitting in the box with his ear close to the listening hole, at which a beautiful female figure in a kneeling posture was whispering. The devil was standing behind her, with a chain in his hand that encircled her waist, and appeared to be exerting all his strength to draw her from confession, or perhaps from the penance the priest was enjoining. Another part represented baptism, where the priest was plunging a naked boy into a font filled with water; and the Holy Ghost was descending in a beam of light whose termination rested on the breast of the child.’

We shall pass over Westphalia, Hanover, Brunswick, &c. without observation, (which, however, is not the way our traveller has done,) to notice his visit to the great Prussian agriculturist, Von Thaer. He says,—

‘The favourite article of cultivation with Von Thaer is potatoes, on which he sets a peculiarly high value. His mode is simple and easy. They are planted in rows after the plough, at the rate of sixteen bushels to the acre. When the plants are up, they are earthed with a double breasted plough, first, parallel to the rows in which they are planted, and then with the same plough the furrows are crossed, thus leaving the potatoes in small square patches. When at maturity, the soil is turned up with a three-pronged fork, and all the roots carefully collected by women and children. The stalks are far more abundant than those of our potatoes, and yield, I should think, from what I saw, as four to one. This haulm is carefully turned, dried, and collected into stacks, and is used as litter for the horses and cows, instead of straw, which is here converted into food by cutting it small.

‘Like all his countrymen, Von Thaer prefers German small potatoes to our large ones; they are less mealy, and have a different flavour. His preference, if his facts are correct, of which I have no doubt, is certainly supported by better reasons than I have heard from any other person in this country. He contended, that the nutritive quality of the potatoe depends on the quantity of starch that it contains; that, upon analysis, the smaller kind of potatoes that are here cultivated, contains a far greater proportion of starch than any that grow to a larger size; that, beyond a certain size, which, by giving the roots sufficient room, they will naturally attain, the increase is only water, and can scarcely be termed nutriment.

‘The average produce of his potatoes, in a series of years, has been three hundred bushels to the acre; this he compared with what I stated to be the average weight of an acre of turnips on good land, as well cultivated as his is, in England; and which I stated below the truth, at twenty tons, because I wished not to be suspected of exaggeration to support an hypothesis. He contended, that his average growth of three hundred bushels, or five tons of potatoes, contained more nutriment than twenty tons of turnips, because the proportion of starch in potatoes to that in turnips, was much more than four to one. I did not urge the quantity of mucilage in the turnip, because I wished to learn his views rather than to suggest my own.

‘A brewery and distillery are the necessary accompaniments of every large farming establishment in Germany. The result of many experiments in the latter proved that the same quantity of alcohol is produced from one hundred bushels of potatoes as from twenty-four bushels of wheat, or thirty-three of barley. As the products of grain, or of potatoes, are relatively greater, the distillery is regulated by that proportion. The different inventions for economy in the use of fuel, cheap as it is, both in the brewery and the distillery, though highly

useful to the pupils of the establishment, presented to me no thing of novelty in either their principle or their application.

‘During the existence of the foolish continental system, the scarcity of sugar gave rise to many experiments here, which, though beneficial at the time, have ceased to be longer useful. Von Thaer found, after many trials, that the most profitable vegetable from which sugar could be made, was the common garden turnip, (of which species I did not ascertain,) and that whilst sugar was sold at a six-dollar the pound, it was very profitable to extract it from that root. The samples of sugar made during that period from different roots, the processes, and their results, are carefully preserved in the museum, but would now be tedious to describe. They are certainly equal in strength of sweetness, and those refined, in colour and hardness, to any produced from the sugar-cane of the tropics.

‘An important object of this establishment has been the improvement of the breed of sheep, which, as far as regards the fineness of the wool, has admirably succeeded. By various crosses from select Merinos, by sedulously excluding from the flock every ewe that had coarse wool, and, still more, by keeping them in a warm house during the winter, Von Thaer has brought the wool of his sheep to great fineness, far greater than any that is clipped in Spain; but the improvement of the carcass has been neglected, so that his, like all other German mutton, is very indifferent. In England, where the flesh is of much more value than the fleece, the Merino breeding has not been attended with beneficial results. The fleeces of the Moegelin flock, (the name of Von Thaer’s farm,) average about three pounds and a half each: they have been sold to English traders, who came to the spot at one period to purchase them, as high as eight shillings and sixpence per pound, whilst the whole flesh could not be sold for more than ten or twelve shillings. This statement will readily account for the fact, that though Merino sheep are very beneficial in Prussia and Saxony, they have been found unprofitable with us.

‘Von Thaer, with the assistance of the professors of the institution over which he presides, has arranged the various kinds of wool on cards, and discriminated, with geometrical exactness, the fineness of that produced from different races of sheep. The finest are some specimens from Saxony, his own are the next. The fine Spanish wool from Leon is inferior to his, in the proportion of eleven to sixteen. The wool from Botany Bay, of which he had specimens, is inferior to the Spanish. He had arranged, by a similar mode, the relative fineness of the wools produced on the different parts of the body of the sheep, so as to bring under the eye, at one view, the comparative value of the different parts of the fleeces; and he had, also, ascertained the proportionate weight of those different parts. The application of optics and geometry, by which the scales that accompany the specimens are constructed, is such, as to leave no doubts on any mind, of the accuracy of the results. The scales, indeed, show only the fineness, and not the length of the fibre; which is, I believe of considerable importance in the process of spinning. The celebrity of the Moegelin sheep is so widely diffused, that the ewes and rams are sold at enormous prices to the agriculturists in East Prussia, Poland, and as far as Russia.’

We shall make but one extract more from Mr. Jacobs’ excellent work. It is an account of the present Queen of Spain, who is said to have had some share in influencing the better part of her husband’s conduct. Our author was then in Saxony:—

‘The young Queen of Spain is said, by those who have been as intimate with her as court etiquette would allow, to possess most unbounded ambition, and to have such a commanding spirit as to have obtained, at her early age, almost the sole power over the royal family. When her elder sister was demanded in marriage by an Austrian archduke, she declared she would never marry but to a kingly throne. When the ambassador of Spain, the object of whose mission was

known, was first introduced to the family, the elder sister, who was attached to the prince she has since married, in order to avoid the honour of Ferdinand's hand, disfigured, by her mode of address, a person not unpleasing. The younger, Josepha, did not need much persuasion to induce her to accept the proffered crown, nor did she practice any hesitation when the formal proposal was made.

'She is said to be an extremely pious, or what some call, a bigotted, Catholic, observing all the injunctions of that church with most scrupulous exactness. She is distinguished by an undeviating sincerity in all her expressions, by the most rigid adherence to truth, and the punctual observation of all her engagements. She had studied the Spanish language, and at an early period of her engagement with Ferdinand, had begun to correspond with him. It was suggested, that her letters had better be corrected by some person who was an adept in that tongue; but she repelled the suggestion with great scorn, declaring that it would be practising a deception on the King, which she would never use.

'After the formal marriage, she appeared much flattered by the Spanish minister addressing her on his knee; though it is said, when he first placed himself in that posture before her, she was alarmed by the apprehension that he was about to communicate some disastrous intelligence from Spain.

'The picture of Ferdinand, superbly set with diamonds, was presented to her, with which she was much pleased, as he was certainly a fine looking man. It was afterwards known, and by some person communicated to her, that the picture was painted for, and presented to his first wife; that after her death, the same present was sent to Brazil for his late Queen; and now, for the third time, presented to the Saxon Princess as the resemblance of one, who must have passed a longer period than she has lived, since it was painted for him. Whatever chagrin the discovery might have occasioned, the prospect of a crown seemed to have healed the wound and allayed the feeling.

'The conditions to which this young princess was called to submit, in conformity to the etiquette of the Spanish court, were such as would have been deemed harsh by most persons, but are said to have been easily acquiesced in when they were appendages to a throne; and were not objected to, because they were known before the formal proposals were made. The principal conditions are, that she is to visit a theatre but twice in a year, and then accompanied by the King;—that if she wishes to ride out, or to walk even in the garden, she must give twelve hours' notice in writing of her intentions; and that no attendants from her own country must accompany her to Madrid, but must leave her at the first town after her passing the Spanish frontiers. This last condition has been literally complied with, and her Saxon attendants have all returned to Dresden.'

The Retrospective Review, consisting of Criticisms upon, Analyses of, and Extracts from, curious, useful, and valuable Books in all Languages, which have been published from the revival of Literature to the commencement of the present Century. No. III.—August, 8vo. pp. 206.

This may truly be said to be an age of criticism. No sooner is a work published than it is seized upon by the weekly critics, who frequently give the first announcement of its existence; it next runs the gauntlet of the monthly reviews and magazines, and if there is any thing of party politics in it, or if it is written by a party man, it stands a very fair chance of being both praised and censured in the Edinburgh and the Quarterly. But criticism does not stop here. The work before us disturbs the ashes of the dead, and subjects to the test of criticism, and to a comparison with modern literature, works on

which public opinion has declared itself centuries ago. It is true, periodical criticism was then unknown, and the works are many of them now reviewed for the first time; this, however, is not the case with those which have been published within the last half century, and, although there can be no harm in submitting some who have already passed the ordeal to a second trial, yet, we certainly think, if they escaped the first, they ought now to be entitled to plead the *autrefois acquit*.

When we first heard of the 'Retrospective Review,' we felt almost disposed to quarrel with the title, considering all reviews as *retrospective*; but it immediately occurred to us, that there is such a thing as a *prospective* review, in which books are very favourably noticed, weeks or months before they are published; and if an author should ever possess as much influence over the journal to which we allude as a certain bookselling firm, we doubt not but his works might even be reviewed before they were printed.

The third number of the Retrospective Review contains nine articles, including Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, Warwick's Spare Minutes, William Lilly's Life, by himself, Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, &c. &c. The first article, on the Arcadia, extends to more than forty pages, in which there is much sound criticism and numerous interesting extracts. The other articles in the review are well written, and it appears to be conducted with considerable ability; the subjects selected are sufficiently interesting and important, and the work will recommend itself to those who may wish to be acquainted, or to renew an acquaintance with early English literature. From Warwick's Spare Minutes, which is justly said to be 'a very valuable little manual,' we select a few passages, and first the contrast between a sincere man and a hypocrite:—

'"The good meaner had two tongues, the hypocrite a double tongue. The good man's heart speaks without his tongue, the hypocrite's tongue without his heart. The good man hath oftentimes God in heart, when, in his mouth, there is no God mentioned; the hypocrite hath God often in his mouth, when the foole hath said, in his heart, there is no God. I may soonest heare the tongue, but safest the heart—the tongue speaketh loudest, but the heart truest. The speech of the tongue is best known to men: God best understands the language of the heart: the heart, without the tongue, may pierce the cares of heaven; the tongue, without the heart, speakes an unknowne language. No marvell, then, if the desires of the poore are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather speake three words in a speech that God knowes, than pray three houres in a language he understands not.'

The following extract, with which we conclude, will be found to possess much beauty of expression:—

'When I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of autumn, just such, thinke I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man, that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no neede of his friend.

'When I see the heavenly sunne buried under earth in the evening of the day, and, in the morning, to find a resurrection of his glory, why (thinke I) may not the sonnes of heaven, buried in the earth in the evening of their dayes, expect the morning of their glorious resurrection? Each night is but the past daye's funerall, and the morning his resurrection: why then should our funerall sleepe be otherwise than our

sleepe at night? why should not we as well awake to our resurrection as in the morning? I see night is rather an intermission of day, than a deprivation, and death rather borrowes our life of us, than robbes us of it. Since, then, the glory of the sunne findes a resurrection, why should not the somnes of glory?

'The gentle and harmlesse sheep being conscious of their owne innocency, how patiently, how quietly, doe they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the shambles? How silently and undaunted doe they meet death, and give it entrance with small resistance? When the filthie, loathsome, and harmefull swine roare horribly at the first handling, and, with an hideous crying reluctancy, are haled and held to the slaughter. This seemes some cause to me, why wicked men (conscious of their filthy lives and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and, with horreur, roare at the approach of death: when the godly quietly uncloathe themselves of their lives, and make small difference 'twixt naturall night's short sleepe, and the long sleepe of nature.

"When I see a gallant ship well rigged, trimmed, tackled, man'd, and munitioned, with her top and top-gallant, and her spread sayles proudly swelling with a full gale in faire weather, putting out of the haven into the smooth maine, and drawing the spectators' eyes, with a well-wishing admiration, and shortly heare of the same ship splitted against some dangerous rock, or wracked by some disastrous tempest, or sunk by some leake sprung in her by some accident, me seemeth I see the case of some court-favorite, who to-day, like Sejanus, dazzleth all men's eyes with the splendour of his glory, and with the proud and potent beake of his powerful prosperity, cutteth the waves and ploweth through the presse of the vulgar, and scorneth to feare some remora at his keel below, or any crosse winds from above, and yet to-morrow, on some stormes of unexpected disfavour, springs a leake in his honour, and sinks on the Syrtes of disgrace, or dashed against the rocks of displeasure, is splitted and wrack'd in the Caribdis of infamy, and so concludes his voyage in misery and misfortune.

"When I plant a choyse flower in a fertile soyle, I see nature presently to thrust up with it the stinging nettle, the stinking hemlocke, the drowzie poppie, and many such noy-some weedes, which will either choake my plant, with excluding the sunne, or divert its nourishment to themselves. But if I weed but these at first, my flower thrives to its good and glory. This is also the case when I endeavour to plant grace in the fertill soyle of a good wit. For luxurious nature thrusts up with it, either stinging wrath, or stinking wantonnesse, or drowzie sloath, or some other vices, which robb my plant of its desired flourishing. But these being first pluckt up, the good wit produceth in its time the faire flower of virtue.

"As oft as I heare the Robin-red-breast chaunt it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not wee (thinke I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary-frosty hayres of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring! Why not to the declining sunne in adversity as (like Persians) to the rising sunne of prosperity? I am sent to the ant, to learne industry; to the dove, to learne innocency; to the serpent, to learne wisdom; and why not to this bird, to learne equanimity and patience, and to keepe the same tenour of my minde's quietnesse, as well at the approach of the calamities of winter as of the spring of happiness? And since the Roman's constancy is so commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a stiddy course in all weathers, and though I bee forced with crosse-windes to shift my sailes and catch at side-windes, yet skilfully to steere and keep on my course, by the Cape of Good Hope, till I arrive at the haven of eternall happiness!"

Jack Randall's Diary of Proceedings at the House of Call for Genius. Edited by Mr. Breakwindow. To which are added several of Mr. B.'s minor pieces. 12mo. pp. 75. London, 1820.

JACK RANDALL ought certainly to feel very proud, that while the sovereign cannot procure an ode or a 'carmen triumphale' from his pensioned laureate, his praises are chaunted in heroic strains by more bards than one. The 'Nonpareil,' for so we learn Randall is denominated, is quite the hero of Mr. Breakwindow's muse; and his house, a public house in Chancery Lane, is singularly enough called the House of call for Genius, in consequence, we suppose, of the strange geniuses who frequent it.

We are not disposed to devote much space to the praise of the 'Fancy,' but in justice to Mr. Breakwindow, who is really a man of talents, and worthy of the pugilistic laureatship, now that Peter Corcoran, Esq. is no more, we must furnish an extract: it is perhaps not the best poem in the collection, but it is one of the shortest, and celebrates a spot dear to the 'milling' tribe. It is entitled Moulsey:—

On Moulsey, when the moon was bright,
And comets wing'd their burning flight,
Was heard the sound of *tax-cart* light,
Of *Baldwin* rolling rapidly.

But Moulsey, when the sun was high,
Saw clouds of dust in myriads fly;
For *prads* and *rattlers* rolled by
Full trot in drunken revelry.

At early dawn was heard the "sing"
Of—"Clear, Baldwin, clear the Fancy's ring,
For soon Tom Crib will Randall bring,
In buggy—to fight dev'lishly."

Then, then arose a murd'rous din;
For Randall then came rattling in,
And, when he gain'd the ropes within,
He flung his *castor* vauntingly.

Then Turner rais'd a deaf'ning shout,
And whips wav'd high, and fists flew out,—
For Belcher leap'd the ring without,
And peel'd the *buffers* dexterously.

On, Turner, on—now, *Nonpareil*,
Let every blow in thunders tell
Your *mauleys* do their duty well,
And mill the *fibber* gloriously.

His *egles* now both look askance,
His *chatterers* all in air now dance,
Now, *Nonpareil*, thine is the chance,
And thou hast won it easily.

Smile, Moulsey, smile, the sun again
Shall once more blaze upon thy plain,
And dry each *claret*-mantling stain
That Turner has spilt willingly.

The grass once more shall grow upon
The spot of all this slaught'ring fun,
Where *blunt* was lost and *flimseys* won,
And *Deadly* guzzled merrily.

Original Communications.

AMERICANISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Much difference of opinion exists as to the progress that literature has made in the United States of America. The English writers are unwilling to allow

their transatlantic brethren any merit, while there is scarcely a writer in the United States, but will contend that his countrymen are our equals, if not superiors. The United States, however, have not made much progress either in literature or the fine arts, nor is there at present sufficient encouragement to give the hope of rapid improvement. Their best writer, Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the *Sketch Book*, was neglected, and his talents never duly appreciated until his works reached England, where ample justice has been done to him.

Nothing, perhaps, so well exhibits the state of American literature, as the attempts that are made to form something like a new language, or rather to add some new words to it, and to alter the meaning of others. This has generally been done very clumsily. The French words which they have Americanized, have seldom been happily selected, and the extended meanings of English words have generally been unnecessary, and sometimes ridiculous.

I have been induced to make these observations from seeing a vocabulary by a Mr. Pickering, of such words as may be strictly called *American*, being either words of American origin, or English words whose signification has been extended. Of these words I shall furnish a short specimen.

To appreciate, *v. neut.* To rise in value.

This verb is used as in England, to value, to estimate, but the Americans have added another meaning to it,—to rise in value; although this, we are told by one writer, is only admitted into genteel company by inadvertance.

To *approve*,—This was formerly much used in the colleges of the United States, instead of the old English verb *approve*. The students used to speak of having their performances *approved* by the instructors. It is also now in common use with the clergy, as a sort of technical term, to denote a person who is *licensed to preach*; they would say, such a one is *approved*, that is, *licensed to preach*. It is also common in New England to say of a person, who is licensed by the county courts to sell spirituous liquors, or to keep a public house, that he is *approved*; and the term is adopted in the law of Massachusetts on this subject. It is not now in the English dictionaries; but Mr. Todd (under the obsolete adjective *approve*), says—“Cockeram’s old vocabulary, notices the verb ‘*approve*, to allow, to like.’”

To *conduct*,—This verb is much used in New England in conversation without the reciprocal pronoun; as, for example,—he *conducts* well, instead of he *conducts* himself well. It is frequently used in this manner, also, by the American writers. Eliot, in his *New England Biographical Dictionary*, has this passage—“There were times when he was obliged to exert all his fortitude, prudence, and candour *to conduct* so as not to give offence.”

Derogatory,—The use of this adjective at the end of a sentence, instead of the word degrading, is also an Americanism. Thus they say—“the government did such an act, which was very *derogatory*.”—Such conduct was very *derogatory*.”

Grade,—This word is used to express degree, rank, order. Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, speaking of Mr. Hamilton, says—“To talents of the highest *grade*, he united a patient industry, not always the companion of genius.” Again—“The high rank he held in the American army would obviate those difficulties in filling the inferior *grades* with men of experience.”

To *Jeopardize*,—This verb is often used in the debates of the Congress; it is doubtless a corruption of the obsolete English word, to *jeopard*, which is in several of the dictionaries, though there stated as not in use.

To *militate*,—American writers use the preposition *with* after this verb, the English say—“to militate against.”

Should you deem these few remarks of sufficient interest to the readers of the *Literary Chronicle*, I shall feel much obliged by their insertion.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c. S. E.

Original Criticisms

ON THE PRINCIPAL MALE AND FEMALE PERFORMERS OF THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

No. I.—THE LATE Mr. RAE.

‘Where shall we turn to mourn thee less,
When cease to hear thy honour’d name,
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
When grief’s full heart is fed by Fame.’—BYRON.

THERE are perhaps few persons who have obtained more deserved repute, or more eminence in their profession, than the subject of the present sketch. There never was a performer who copied less from others in his mode of acting; and this, in itself, where judgment is not wanting, is an extremely great merit. In addition to a highly expressive countenance, Mr. Rae possessed a voice capable of much power, softness, and modulation, aided by the most excellent delivery, Mr. Young excepted, of any performer on the stage. Mr. Rae was, in every sense of the word, a gentleman; he had received an university education, but, like many others, he had abandoned all his prospects of academic honours, ‘to strut and fret his hour upon the stage.’ It is now thirteen years since this gentleman first appeared before a London audience; the character which he selected was that of Octavian, in Mr. Colman’s play of the *Mountaineers*, which he performed throughout in a manner which enabled him to take his station high in the first class of tragedians. His hysterical laugh following immediately on ‘Art thou mine, then!’ was indescribably fine; nor must we omit passing our warmest eulogium on his manner of uttering ‘Reptile, I’ll dash thy body o’er the rock.’ Taking it as a whole, a more successful first appearance was scarcely ever witnessed. His *Frederick*, in *Lover’s Vows*, never has been, and never will, in all probability, be surpassed; it was replete with filial tenderness, and exhibited to perfection all those generous feelings and sentiments which a youthful mind, unacquainted with the mazes of vice, would naturally possess. In the scene where he disclosed his birth to his father, he displayed a most dignified abhorrence of the cruelties which his mother had endured, and advocated her wrongs with the ardour of a virtuous mind struggling in the noblest cause of humanity. Mr. Rae was a classic actor; in his *Othello*, he displayed equal judgment and study. His opening address to the senate breathed all the conscious dignity of a soldier who had deserved well from the state; when he glanced at the ‘philtres’ he had used to win the affections of his bride, his concluding words, ‘She lov’d me for the dangers I had passed, and I lov’d her that she did pity them,’ were given with the peculiar tone and emphasis

with which nature instructs the heart to speak to the heart. His Moor wore the most imposing contour, with a nobility of carriage that bespoke a mind worthy of Desdemona's love. The whole of the third act was given in the first style of dramatic grandeur. We have been thus diffuse in our observations on Mr. Rae's Othello, as many persons consider it as Mr. Kean's chef d'œuvre. We have, however, seen both gentlemen in the character, and are of opinion, that Mr. Rae is but very little inferior to Mr. Kean. Mr. Rae has courted the Comic Muse and become a favoured lover, but the loftier energies of tragedy were more congenial to his abilities. In comedy, his Young Marlow, Doricourt, Capt. Absolute, Capt. Plume, Charles Surface, Lorimore, Count Almavira, Sir Charles Racket, Millamour, and twenty others, were all finished performances. But it was in tragedy that Mr. Rae evinced the study and the genius of a master; his performance of Earl Osmond, in the Castle Spectre, will never be forgotten; nothing could be finer than his rushing on the stage, with haggard looks, and a countenance in which fear, horror, and remorse were thoroughly blended, after his horrific dream. His delineation of that most arduous character, the Stranger, was inferior to Mr. Young alone. His Romeo was allowed to be the best on the stage; Mr. Kean attempted the character, and failed; whereas Mr. Rae performed it in a manner which even rivalled Mr. C. Kemble, whose able performance of the love stricken hero has been so much and so justly admired. His Hamlet, Jaffier, Douglas, Macduff, Hotspur, and Reuben Glenroy are too well known to require any comment of ours;—they were all admirable. His Ford, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, was extremely natural, and an excellent representation of the Jealous Husband, who doubts, yet dotes, suspects, yet strongly loves. We could instance numberless other characters in which this gentleman has signalized himself and delighted the public, but it would not answer our purpose to swell out our sketch to a larger compass; we shall content ourselves with merely observing, that whether as the lover or the hero, the tyrant or the villain, Mr. Rae was equally excellent. His Lord Hastings, and De Zelos, in Mr. Maturin's Tragedy of Manuel, were both equally admirable, and his inimitable performance of the conscience-stricken brother, in Mr. Coleridge's beautiful Tragedy of Remorse, was one of the grandest (we had almost said sublimest) pieces of acting which the stage ever produced. It would be the height of injustice not to mention, in the strongest terms, the delight which his admirable performance of Edgar afforded us. Whether as the Distressed Lover, the Virtuous Son, the Poor Mad Tom, or the Gallant Knight, he was equally excellent; and we may fairly say that, at least, half the success of Lear was attributable to him. Nay, so strong was the popular feeling, that it was the fashion to say, here you see not Kean in Lear, but Rae in Edgar. He was, moreover, at this time labouring under the dreadful complaint which has since deprived us of so estimable a man, and so invaluable an actor; and we fear that his violent exertions tended to the acceleration of that untimely event. Upon the whole, we may rank Mr. Rae, as a comedian, with Mr. C. Kemble; and we may truly say that, in some characters, he was superior to Mr. Elliston, as he possessed none of that gentleman's coarseness or vulgarity. As a tragedian, we may fairly consider him the third of the present day. In conclusion, we cannot sufficiently lament that the iron hand of death should have

carried off this gentleman in the very prime of his life, and have thus deprived the stage of one of its brightest ornaments.

W.

THE DISSENTING MINISTER: A SKETCH.

'Rich was his soul, tho' his attire was poor.'

METHINKS I see him now before me, with lengthened face, an eye, the white of which alone was discernible; the measured pace, slow, solemn, and demure; the gaze abstracted from all worldly objects, internally viewing the soul; the shrinking demeanour of a conscious or would-be-thought sinner, told the shepherd of the flock. Methinks I see him now before me; the plain starched cravat covering the clean coarse linen shirt, as though it were sin to expose the unplaited frill; the hair combed strait down the forehead; hanging from its length over the eye like to the bending willow; the black or rather russet coat, and still more russet breeches; the well-darned, yet clean dark worsted hose; the black buckles, and the wide-brim'd hat—complete the portrait.

I have seen him on a fine summer's evening, beneath the large oak on the common, with some dozen rustics around him, listening with looks of wonder to doctrines far above their comprehension, 'holding forth most devoutly,' far more anxious to deliver his sentiments than to obtain converts, and seemingly occupied alone in meditating 'on the world to come.' Yet there was some little hypocrisy in his mind; and the wish of bearing a sanctified character as a godly man, had more to do with his actions than any idea of its being necessary 'to salvation,' that he should walk erect as the poplar, or speak with that long drawling tone of voice, so correctly imitated by that eloquent preacher, Mr. Mawworm. That he was an upright man even his enemies will allow, and even *he* had enemies. I have observed the ruby-nosed vicar, when smoking his evening pipe before the Red Lion, look at him with a glance, to which 'Christian charity' and 'brotherly love' had very little claim; nay, I have known him strike with violence his pipe against the oaken bench, and shiver it to pieces, at observing the right reverend contour of his interloping rival, destroying thereby, some pennyworth of tobacco, and bringing out, at the rattling and ominous sound, the spirited looking hostess and a host of 'bless me's;' but this was only when the fumes of the 'real Welch ale' had overloaded the reasoning faculties of 'the reverend the vicar,' as his constant proverb was, 'a penny saved is a penny got,' in support of which he so carefully hoarded up the 'loaves and fishes,' as actually to have been guilty of borrowing a 'little of the real Strasburgh,' when his own pinchbeck box has been 'full to the brim.'

Yes, the 'dissenting minister' was a worthy and upright man; he never refused paying for that which he purchased, either with 'spiritual comfort' or 'substantial coin,' though, for the sake of truth, it must be admitted, the former was the more current article with him, nor do I remember any one, save the 'knight of the razor,' who ever thought it meet to dispute with him upon it.

He was a quiet inoffensive man, (out of the sermonizing hour, be it understood,) and much respected by the good wives of the village, to whom his company to tea was far from disagreeable; nay, at such visits it has been observed, 'get Mr. Snufflebags a chair,—a piece of sugar for

Mr. Snufflebags,—a drop more cream for Mr. Snufflebags,—Mr. Snufflebags, help yourself, and a variety of similar exclamations, were the order of the day. 'Get the women on your side,' says an old writer, 'and you get the victory;' it was so on these occasions, for the aged farmers have been observed, after his departure, attacking with great gravity the old family Bible, and spelling, with persevering labour, those words whose unnatural length prohibited the proper pronunciation without such precaution.

He was a great preacher of the doctrine of charity, though none ever recollected his bestowing a penny in alms; he recommended abstinence from worldly luxuries, though 'divers evil disposed persons' accused him of taking a 'cheering cup on the sly;' and strenuously advocated plainness of garment,—many said from possessing only a threadbare one himself. Sometimes, the urchins of the village would laugh at his sanctified gait, or his chop-fallen visage, but the application of his gold,—I should say, brass headed, cane,—to the shoulder of the offender, effectually secured him from a repetition, and the ejaculation of the 'Lord be good unto thee,' as effectually operated as a balsam for the wound. That he was possessed of the harmless vanity of wishing to appear devout, I will not deny; perhaps, this assumed sanctity threw a cloud over many of his good qualities, and destroyed that disposition to console with reasonable consolation the distresses of others, he might else have possessed; but it at the same time prevented those ebullitions of passion the mind is apt to indulge in, and caused him to refrain from following that spirit of persecution and enormity human nature too frequently is guilty of.

Many said he was a madman; it might be so, but there was 'method in his madness;' others said he was an idiot, —perchance it was true, but he was a reasoning idiot: some said he was a fool, but he has put those to the blush who have thus accused him.

Such is the 'dissenting minister;'—to those who smile at the picture, and think he might have been a more useful member of society, I answer he might have been a more dangerous one; and to those who jeer at the character and mock at his actions, I say,—

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd?
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
A living sermon of the truths he taught;
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
That all might see the fortune which they heard.

J. D. N.

The Instructress.

No. III.

QUEEN PHILLIPPA, CONSORT TO EDWARD THE THIRD.

'An ever dear, an ever honour'd name.'—HOMER.

KING EDWARD the Third ascended the English throne in the year 1327, upon the deposition of his father, Edward the Second. The same year, he married Philippa, the second daughter of William, Count of Holland and Hainault. The princess arrived in England about the beginning of December, with a very splendid retinue: as she approached London, she was met by the mayor and

aldermen, in their formalities, who expressed their regard by a present of plate, and she was received in the city by a solemn procession of the clergy; thence she set out for York, where the King then resided, and the nuptials were solemnized with great magnificence.

During Edward's invasion of France, and while the British flag was waving triumph over the plains of Cressy, Queen Philippa was unwearied and indefatigable in preserving the public peace and tranquillity at home.

David, King of Scotland, taking advantage of Edward's absence, invaded Northumberland, and ravaged the whole country as far as Durham; intelligence of these outrages being transmitted to the Queen, with a heroism which does her immortal honour, unmindful of the weakness of her sex, she immediately collected a body of 16000 men, and set out for the north. Here, by her presence and uncommon exertions, she inspired her forces, so that the Scotch were defeated with the loss of 20,000 men, and their King taken prisoner. Philippa conducted her royal prisoner to the tower, and then went over to the continent, to the camp of Edward, which was then before Calais.

Here an event took place, which placed this lady's virtues in a most attractive point of view, and which rendered her as eminently conspicuous for her humanity as for her courage and valour. Calais being reduced to the most cruel exigencies, at length was agreed to be surrendered to Edward, and the terms were, that six of the most substantial citizens should be sent to him bareheaded and barefooted, with ropes round their necks, to present him with the keys of the city. Upon their appearing in the camp, the enraged monarch ordered them to be led to immediate execution; in vain were supplications and intreaties; Edward was inexorable and stern, justice was ready to execute the dreadful sentence on these devoted patriots, when on a sudden the scene was changed,—'*post tenebras lux.*' The amiable Philippa threw herself on her knees, and besought her haughty lord to pardon these illfated men; her intreaties, her tears at length prevailed,—the sentence was revoked,—the six patriots were set at liberty, and were plentifully regaled in Edward's camp, previous to their being sent back with the joyful tidings to their disconsolate fellow citizens. Who can read this affecting anecdote without their heart being filled with sensible pleasure and rapture? What cogent reasoning! What resistless eloquence! What royal dignity! What tender yet nervous expostulations, enforced the petition of this gracious Queen for those unhappy prisoners? Shakespeare himself could not have made her talk in a strain more judicious, or more suitable to her request. Nor the renowned Cicero at the bar, with all his oratory, and the eyes of Rome upon it, could not have used greater weight of argument, nor powers of rhetoric, to gain the cause of his most beloved friend, than this heavenly solicitor did to save the lives of national enemies. Mercy, united with glory, shone round the brows of this royal intercessor with a far more resplendent lustre than the sparkling rays of the brightest diamond! but the transcendent virtues of Philippa were displayed in every action of her life; she seemed to be the first-born daughter of heaven in mercy; for the honest historian, Stowe, informs us, that in the reign of King Edward, there was an erection or shed near St. Mary-le-Bone, for the public entertainment of their majesties, and persons of quality, which lasted three days. There it was that Queen Philippa, with many ladies,

fell from the scaffolding without the least hurt; wherefore (adds he,) this good Queen took great care to save the carpenters from punishment, through the fervency of her prayers, which she made on her knees.

These acts of clemency and goodness speak women to be something more than those impertinent frivolous animals, who are only capable of busying themselves in the trifling concerns of their neighbours,—the bagatelle of a day,—or the adjusting a flounce, or a feather. We cannot help adding, how happy it would be, if our women of fashion would strikingly copy that illustrious example of female excellence, which the first lady in the land exhibits to daily observation. More rational amusements should we then see than *Rouge et Noir*, and all the diversified species of gambling, so disgraceful and so highly injurious; and were the ladies in general to adopt Queen Phillippa's example, and make her their model, they would render themselves more enchanting by their virtues, than their beauty, their talents, or their wit.

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ACCOUNT OF SPITZBERGEN AND ICELAND.

[The following observations, made during a recent voyage to the Arctic Regions, have just appeared in the *Edinburgh Star*, and we deem them of sufficient interest to transfer to our columns. They appeared in a letter to the editor, dated the 16th inst.—ED.]

ON the evening of the 14th of April, Spitsbergen came into view: it is an island of vast extent, and is equal to, if it does not exceed, Great Britain. Our latitude, by account, was 80 deg. north. The land had a most stupendous appearance, being composed of a ridge of lofty mountains, rising almost perpendicularly from the level of the sea; towards the summit they terminated in conical points, or hills, which varied as to height and general figure; by the intersection of the mountains, many hollows and vallies were found of great depth. The aspect of the whole was rugged, rocky, and barren, and the surface was covered with snow, which, in the vallies and recesses, continues unmelted throughout the summer. The coast appeared to be six or seven miles from the ship, when actually it was at least forty or fifty: this extraordinary fact proceeds from the height of the land, and the clearness of the polar atmosphere. Spitsbergen has never been sufficiently explored, so as to enable one to judge correctly of its magnitude; the Dutch say they have sailed round it. During the whole of April, volumes of smoke continued to emanate from the surface of the sea, which is always a proof of reduced temperature; it arises from the air on the immediate surface of the water, having a greater capacity for moisture than the superincumbent air, and this proceeds from their difference of temperature. There is always a quantity of caloric issuing from the Polar seas on the disruption of the ice during spring, which renders the air on the surface of the water more capable of holding moisture in solution; and this air, from being specifically lighter, soon ascends into a medium much reduced in temperature, and the moisture is instantly deposited in the solid form of ice, and which, from the minuteness of the particles, resembles smoke. It is denominated 'frost rime,' by Mr. Scoresby, junior, who has written a learned work on the Arctic regions and the Whale Fishery. Hoar frost resembles frost rime, but still there is a considerable difference; in hoar frost, the moisture is first deposited on the object, and then frozen, so that a tempera-

ture of thirty-one or thirty-two degrees may cause it; but in frost rime the moisture is deposited in the air, in the form of ice, and requires the reduced temperature of ten or twelve degrees to affect it. Tuesday, the 25th of April, was the coldest day we experienced, Fahrenheit's thermometer sinking to the Zero f—1. On the 5th of June, our latitude, by observation, was 80° 26" north. Soon after this, we directed our course to the southward and westward, as few whale-fish were seen to the northward. We sailed so far to the westward, that on the 18th of July, the east side of West or Old Greenland was distinctly seen; it appeared mountainous and rugged, like Spitsbergen. We were within thirty miles of the shore; our latitude by account was 71° 19" north. This is supposed to be a continuation of the same ridge of mountains that is seen up Davis's Strait. It has never been explored, and hence forms a fine field for discovery. Our success in the fishery was now great, which amply repaid us for our want of fortune in the fore part of the season. On the evening of the 29th of July, (lat. by account 70° 20" north,) a strong gale arose when we were homeward bound, and trying to get through rank ice, into the open ocean; finding this hazardous, we sailed back, in order to avoid the danger attendant on the swell and subsequent attrition of the heavy *floe* pieces of ice with which we were surrounded. In a case of this kind, the farther a vessel is removed from the out margin of the ice at sea edge, greater is the safety, on the occurrence of a gale of wind, as the presence of much ice always prevents the formation of waves: hence, vessels employed in the Greenland whale fishery seldom experience a heavy sea in the usual fishing stations. Our retreat was soon checked by the ice, and, in a few minutes, the passage of the ship was completely blocked up by heavy *floe* pieces, some of them at least 30 feet in thickness; providentially, however, the gale ceased, and with it for the moment, our fears and anxieties. On Sunday morning, the 30th of July, the prospect from deck was gloomy in the extreme, as before our eyes in every direction were presented heavy *floe* sheets of ice, which seemed to form an everlasting barrier to the passage of a ship. Situated as we were, without the means of escape, there was much cause for alarm as there was a probability of the ship being detained during the winter; and upon the event of a gale of wind arising, our feeble bark could never have withstood the fearful concussions of such heavy *floe* sheets of ice. But we were protected by a Superintending Providence. On the afternoon of the same day, to the unspeakable joy of all the ship's crew, the ice appeared gradually to open; the opportunity was seized, and by the activity and presence of mind of the captain, along with the exertions of the officers and men, the ship was got through the ice, and was safe in open water by half past 10, P. M.

Before leaving the ice, we laid in a supply of excellent fresh water, collected from different pools of water formed on the *floes*, the purity and coolness of which were surprising: it afforded to the thirsty sailor a most refreshing beverage. On the morning of the 3d of August, agreeably to the captain's reckoning, the island of Iceland came into view. The mountains reared their lofty heads far above the clouds. By 12, noon, the fog having partly cleared away, the land was seen distinctly, and, by the assistance of the telescope, men, cottages, and cattle were distinguished; as we were not acquainted with our situation, the sounding line was used to ascertain the

depth of the water, which was from 30 to 18 fathoms within a mile of the shore, latitude by observation 66 deg. 29m. north. At 6, P. M. after tea, preparations were made for going on shore; accordingly, at 20 minutes before seven, a boat was manned, and we rowed towards the land; as we approached the coast, the inhabitants of the place stood gazing with astonishment, but upon a signal being made to them with our hats, they ran down to the sea edge and received us; we went to their cottage, or rather hut, and were showed every attention. The hut was composed outwardly, of several houses in the shape of a cross, which, inwardly, all communicated, forming a variety of apartments. On the left wing, the fire was placed in the middle of the floor; around it were stationed sheep-skins in the form of a couch; the fuel was composed of wood, and the smoke escaped by a hole in the roof; many sea fowls were suspended in the smoke, and a number seemed ready cooked in a wooden vessel near the fire; there was likewise a quantity of cods' livers, from which they extracted oil. On entering, we experienced an odour peculiarly offensive, and at first we could not distinguish the objects around us, from the cloud of smoke.

According to the method of salutation in Iceland, the captain was received by a kiss on the back of the hand, and afterwards on the cheek. The family was composed of a very cheerful middle-aged woman, an elderly active cheerful man, a middle-aged man of rather a gloomy countenance, a sturdy boy and girl, with two or three children. The hostess on our arrival was churning, and we had a copious draught of milk. The hut was surrounded by a green fertile space of ground, on which were several small warehouses, containing implements, wool, sea-birds, dried fish, &c. and lambs, sheep, a horse, and cow, were feeding in the neighbourhood; they did not appear to differ much in appearance from those of Great Britain. The sheep were of the small breed, and were very tame and docile. The captain bartered with them for a sheep and a lamb. It was surprising, that a number of the words of their language resembled ours in sound, on which account, and by the use of signs, we understood one another wonderfully well. We were an hour on shore. The coast was very bold, and the land assumed a hilly and rugged form immediately above the huts, which were situated a short way above the water edge. On the face of the hill was discovered quantities of lava, specimens of which the captain took on board. The day after our arrival on board the ship, a boat came along side with the sheep and lamb: the woman, two men, and a boy composed the crew; they supped with us in the cabin, where a bartering took place for stockings, mittens, &c. The hostess got a pint-bottle filled with rum, which she hugged and pushed into her bosom. The gratitude they showed can scarcely be expressed. From the above account, a proper idea cannot be formed of the Icelanders in general, as the family we visited were far removed from society, living on a neck or promontory of land jutting into the ocean; on this account, they had a wild uncultivated appearance: but, uncultivated as they were, with few or no opportunities of improvement, they would have put many of the inhabitants of Britain to the blush, by their being capable of writing their own names, which they did before leaving the ship. The part of Iceland on which we landed is named Langaness; its relative situation is delineated in a map in Dr. Henderson's interesting work on Iceland. On our passage home, we experienced many

gales of wind, accompanied with a heavy sea; the cabin was inundated by the waves breaking through the stern windows, which made it necessary, for security, to put in dead lights. On the 11th of August, we sailed within two miles of one of the Faroe islands; (lat. by account 62 deg. 10m. north;) the coast was bold, very rugged, and rocky, and was elevated at least 1000 feet above the level of the sea. On the 15th the gale was violent, and the surrounding ocean, during midnight, presented to the eye a most sublime spectacle, although accompanied with feelings of dread: the billows rolled mountains high; their tops curled into foam, which glittered through the darkness of the scene.

Before leaving the ice, Thomas Page, harpooner, secured four young bears, and brought them on board, after laming the mothers in their defence: their attachment to their offspring is very strong. Two of the cubs died on the passage; the remaining two arrived safe in the Queen's dock, Liverpool, on the 23d August, and next day were led from the ship to the oil-yard, along the streets, amidst hundreds of spectators. They were very savage, and before their removal from deck two sailors felt the effects of their fury.

JESUIT OF MARANHAM.

‘—— of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell) he practis'd what he preach'd.’

ARMSTRONG.

MR. Southey, in his History of Brazil, gives an account of a celebrated sermon preached against slavery at St. Luiz, in 1653, by Antonio Vieyra, the Jesuit; who, as a preacher, had been the delight and pride of the court of Lisbon. He took for his text the words of the Tempter: ‘All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.’ He began by dwelling upon the worth of the human soul, winning the attention of his hearers by his own peculiar manner. ‘Yet,’ said he, ‘we value our souls so cheaply, that you know at what a rate we sell them. We wonder that Judas should have sold his master and his soul for thirty pieces of silver; but how many are there who offer their own to the devil for less than fifteen? Christians, I am not now telling you that you ought not to sell your souls, for I know you must sell them. I only entreat that you would sell them by weight; weigh first what a soul is, weigh next what it is worth and what it cost; and then sell it, and welcome! But in what scales is it to be weighed? Not in the scales of human judgment; no, for they are false. The children of men are deceitful upon the weights. But in what balance, then? You think I shall say in the balance of St. Michael the archangel, wherein souls are weighed. I do not require so much. Weigh them in the devil's own balance, and I shall be satisfied! Take the devil's balance in your hand; put the whole world in one scale, and a soul in the other, and you will find that your soul weighs more than the whole world, “all this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” ‘At how different a price now,’ Vieyra proceeded, ‘does the devil purchase souls from that which he formerly offered for them; I mean in this country. The devil has not a fair in the world where they go cheaper! In the gospel he offers all the kingdoms of the earth for a single soul: he does not require so large a purse to purchase all that are in Maranhão. It is not necessary to

offer worlds; it is not necessary to offer kingdoms; it is not necessary to offer cities, nor towns, nor villages; it is enough for the devil to point at a plantation, and a couple of Tapuyas, and down goes the man upon his knees to worship him. Oh, what a market! A negro for a soul, and the soul the blacker of the two! This negro shall be your slave for the few days that you may have to live, and your soul shall be my slave through all eternity, as long as God is God; this is the bargain which the devil makes with you.' After urging the abolition of slavery, he continued; 'But you will say to me, this people, this republic, this state, cannot be supported without Indians. Who is to bring us a pitcher of water or a bundle of wood? Who is to plant our mandioc? Must our wives do it? Must our children do it? In the first place, these are not the straits in which I would place you; but if necessity and conscience require it, then I reply, yes! and I repeat it, yes! you, and your wives, and your children, ought to do it! We ought to support ourselves with our own hands; for better is it to be supported by the sweat of one's own brow, than by another's blood. O ye riches of Maranhão! What, if these mantles and cloaks were to be wrung? They would drop blood!'

The benevolent preacher then stated the plan of abolition; and after pointing out the temporal and spiritual benefits of such an arrangement, thus concluded. 'Let us give this victory to Christ; let us give this glory to God; let us give this triumph to Heaven; let us give this vexation to Hell; let us give this remedy to the country in which we live; let us give this honour to the Portuguese nation; let us give this example to Christendom; let us give this fame to the world! Let the world know, let the heretics and the heathens know, that God was not deceived when he chose the Portuguese for conquerors and speakers of his holy name! Let the world know, that there is still truth, that there is still the fear of God; that there is a soul; that there is still a conscience; and that interest is not the absolute and universal lord of all! Let the world know, that there are still those who, for the love of God and of their own salvation, will trample interest under foot! Lord Jesus, this is the mind, and this the resolution of these your faithful Catholics, from this day forth! There is no one here who has any other interest but that of serving you; there is no one here who desires any other advantage but that of loving you; there is no one here who has any other ambition but that of being eternally obedient and prostrate at your feet! Their property is at your feet; their interests at your feet; their slaves are at your feet; their children are at your feet; their blood is at your feet; their life is at your feet; that you may do with it, and with all, whatever is most conformable to your holy law. Is it not thus, Christians? It is thus; I say thus, and promise thus to God in the name of all. Victory, then, on the part of Christ! victory, victory, over the strongest temptation of the Devil!'

The whole of this extraordinary discourse was so lively, so striking, and addressed at once to their understandings and their passions, their interest, and their vanity, that it produced all the immediate effort which Vieira desired. Balthazar de Souza, the *Capitão Mor*, convened a meeting in the church-yard that same afternoon, and then called upon the preacher to propose formally the plan which he had recommended from the pulpit. It was universally approved; and, in order to carry it into execution, two advocates were appointed, one for the slave-holders, the

other for the Indians. A deed, expressing the consent of the people to this arrangement, was immediately drawn up in legal form, and signed by the *Capitão Mor*, as well as by all the chief inhabitants of the place.

A PLAIN COUNTRY FELLOW

Is one that manures the ground well, but lets himself be fallow and untilled:—He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy.—He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass because he loves not salad.—His hands guide the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and landmark are the very mound of his meditations.—He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *gee and woa* better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow comes in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and, though his haste be ever so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor scantled roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity.—His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stare the guard off sooner.—His religion is a part of his inheritance, which descends to him from his fathers, and he refers it wholly to their discretion.—Yet he is a good Christian to his power that is, comes to church in his best clothing, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather.—He apprehends God's blessing only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises him but in good ground.—His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back; and his salutation commonly some blunt curse.—He thinks nothing are vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnail proverbs to clout his discourses.—He is thrifty all the week, except only on market days, when, if his grain sell well he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. His feet never stick so unbecomingly as when he trots after a lawyer in court, and even cleaves to the ground with hard scrapings, in beseeching his honour to take his money.—He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a stack of hay, or the overflowing of a meadow; and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass.—For death he is never troubled; and if he gets but his harvest in before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

INFIDELITY.

A gentleman having written an irreligious work, submitted it to Dr. Franklin previous to publication, requesting his opinion upon it. The doctor, though not very orthodox in his religious tenets, did not seek to shake the faith of others, as appears from the following answer, which he wrote to him.

'I have read your manuscript with some attention. By

the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundation of all religion. For, without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of guards and guides, and may favour particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present, I shall only give you my opinion, that though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject; and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life, without the assistance afforded by religion; you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes habitual, which is the great point for its security. And, perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise against you, and, perhaps, a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be if without it? I intend this letter itself as a proof of my friendship, and therefore add no professions to it; but subscribe simply yours.'

Original Poetry.

A PICTURE OF LEUCADIA, PREVIOUS TO 1814.

FROM THE ROMAN OF DR. CHALIKI, OF ST. MAURA.

FROM LEUCADIA, A MS. POEM.

Long had thy sons submitted to the yoke,
Their freeborn spirit by oppression broke:
Their torpid breasts, with patriotic heat
And love of glory, long forgot to beat:
Deaf every ear at honour's sacred call—
Cold-blooded apathy envelop'd all—
From the pale slaves the gods their image tore,—
The form of man was left, but nothing more.
Long had thy daughters, humbled in the dust,
Resign'd their charms to the foul arms of lust;—
Their charms! ah! no; no charm to them remains;
For female beauty never blooms in chains—
Debas'd to instinct and mere brute desire,
E'en Love refus'd their bosoms to inspire.

The rural virtues, once thy pride and boast,
Far, far away, were banished from thy coast;
No more thy youth led up with clamorous glee
Their noisy sports beneath the beechen trees*,
Where the sire's bosom kindled into joy
To trace the future hero in his boy.
The humble roof no neat convenience blest,
Where men and brutes sunk in promiscuous rest,
And reptiles foul and death-charg'd scorpions crawl,
And mouldy cobwebs hang the humid wall.—
Divest of woods, and brown with parching rays,
Thy hills nor herds nor bleating flocks did graze;
Nor there fair maid the loaded udder press'd,
In simple beauty's simple graces dress'd.
To feast or fair, along thy grass-grown road,
With merry heart no more the shepherd trod;
But undisturbed within, the matted brake,
In noon-tide beams, there basked the scaly snake;—
Thy sluggish fields, with weeds and thorns o'errun,
Gave no red vintage to the ripening sun;—
The laurel droop'd, for there nor poet's lays
Nor patriot hero's brows demanded bays.
Half faded myrtle round the bramble grew;
Nought bloomed but cypress and funeral yew:
The harvest withered in the golden ear,
And shivering famine blasted all the year.
On evening's ear no more the nightingale
Pour'd in sad melody the tender tale;
But rocks resounded to the wolf-dog's howl,
Bats wheeled their flight and screeched the boding owl.
Thy waters ceased in crystal rills to play,
But forc'd through mud their slime-incumbered way,
Silently slow, and regularly dull,
To the dead bosom of some stagnant pool,
Where bloated pestilence, with feverish lips,
In parting pangs, the morbid fluid sips.—
Such was the land; such every land must be
Where man forgets, that man is born free.

THE CONTRAST;

After the Seven Islands had received a Constitution and passed under the Protection of Great Britain, 1814.

The work of freedom speeds,
Slaves burst their chains and raise their drooping heads.
The work of freedom speeds; the happy isle
In renovated bloom begins to smile.
No more the sight of dew-eyed pity meets
Poor squalid misery pining in the streets.
No more pale labour takes his lonely stand,
With tear-worn cheek and out-stretch'd horny hand,
In feeble age to beg a little bread
Of the proud knave his youthful vigour fed—
Now cheerfully he plies the hopeful toil
And gives the seed to the prolific soil;
The grateful soil its richest bounty yields,
And he that sows shall reap the teeming fields.

The work of freedom speeds; and soon the gales
Shall to thy harbours waft the crowded sails,
And busy commerce shall for thee explore,
Through pathless oceans, climes unknown before.
On thy brown hills shall golden pipins grow,
The vintage ripen and pomegranate glow,
The orange grove its luscious loads disclose,
And cooling citrons bend the groaning bows:
Thy vales shall smile with loads of yellow grain,
And tenfold harvests wave on every plain;
Fat bees shall range in every flow'ry mead,
And snow-white flocks on every mountain feed.

* Their evening sports beneath the spreading tree.—Goldsmith.

Prophetic objects strike my ravished eyes ;
 I see ! I see ! a second Athens rise !
 A second Sparta waves the flaming brand
 And pours destruction over Paynim land ;
 Before the waving cross the crescent bows,
 And Marathon again is strewn with slaughtered foes.

D. M.

ROSABELL. A BALLAD.

BY WILMINGTON FLEMING.

How bright to the pilgrim, all wearied and lorn,
 Is the view of the shrine, that his sorrows can spell,
 And bright are the first blushing splendours of morn,—
 But not half so bright as thine eyes, Rosabell !
 Oh ! how sweetly at eve, when the mild twinkling star
 Guides the wanderer's footstep to cottage or cell,
 Are the soft thrilling notes of the lover's guitar,—
 But not half so sweet as thy voice, Rosabell !
 O ! sweet to the bee is the rich blossom'd flower,
 And the dew that hangs bright on the vi'lets's blue bell,
 And sweet is the zephyr thro' myrtle girt bower,—
 But not half so sweet as thy lips, Rosabell !
 Let monarchs vain struggle for empire and fame,
 And the miser for wealth more than Av'rice can tell ;
 No empire but love, my ambition shall claim,—
 No wealth but thy fond throbbing heart, Rosabell !

DOUBLE ENTENDRE*.

I cannot believe thy fond strains
 Are tuned from thy bosom for me ;
 For, sure, can a chief of the swains,
 His first love forget !—it may be ;
 And tho' sweetly your music and song be exprest,
 'Tis but *double entendre* ! a fig for the rest.
 You have told me the strength of your love,
 You have knelt with a flower at my feet,
 You have sang of the spirits above,
 Where the true and the beautiful meet ;
 But you laugh'd at our parting to think me so blind,
 That for *double entendre* I yielded my mind.
 False insect, with honey and stings !
 O poet with nature and art !
 O cupid with arrows and wings !
 That would slay me and conquer my heart :
 I must prove by the years thou wilt love to be true,
 Not by *double entendres*, *Monsieur*, *parlez vous* ?

J. R. P.

Fine Arts.

PORTRAIT OF COUNT BERGAMI AND THE
 COUNTESS OLDI.

It is one of the misfortunes attending an important political question, that it absorbs every other subject, and drags almost every person into its vortex. During the fervour of public excitation, literature, science, and the fine arts are neglected, or only noticed in proportion to their immediate or remote connexion with the object of overwhelming interest. It is the knowledge of this fact that induces individuals to engraft on their own pursuits some relationship to the great cause. The case of the Queen is a striking instance of this; nothing else is talked of; nothing else is thought of. The windows of the booksellers,—such, at least, as deal in ephemeral publications,—

* See p. 604, 'To —.' By J. W. D.

teem with pamphlets about her, and our print shops are filled with her portraits.

Our last number contained a critical notice of a cabinet picture of the Queen's Entry into Jerusalem, which has excited much interest.—This has been followed by an exhibition, which opened on Saturday last, of two pictures which are stated to have just arrived from Italy. They are half length portraits of the famed Count Bergami, and his sister, the Countess Oldi, which are said, in the bills of announcement, to be 'in the style of Titian and Vandyke;' they are two oil-paintings, of equal size, apparently about thirty inches by twenty-four. Bergami is painted standing with his arm leaning on a bureau: he is a very handsome man, of a ruddy complexion, and black hair, whiskers, and mustachios; the two latter, although unusually large, do not give to his countenance, which is very pleasing, any portion of that austerity which they might be supposed to impart. His dress consists of a blue surtout, with velvet collar, which is open at the breast, and shows off a slate coloured waistcoat and lace frill. At his breast are the insignia of the four orders of knighthood, which have been conferred upon him; he also wears small ear rings. The eye of Bergami is dark and expressive.

The Countess of Oldi possesses a strong family likeness of her brother. She is a most lovely woman, of a rather dark complexion, but with a fine full eye, beaming with intelligence. In person, she is inclined to the *embonpoint*. She wears a dress of a French grey colour, and a crimson shawl thrown negligently over the shoulder. Around her neck she wears a massive gold chain, with a medallion, and at her breast a double clasp, which exhibits portraits of her present Majesty and of the late much lamented Princess Charlotte. We certainly cannot judge from the portrait (which may or may not be a good likeness) whether this lady speaks bad Italian, which the *dame d'honneur*, Mademoiselle Demont, says she does; but we certainly can say that she does not exhibit the slightest appearance of that low birth or vulgarity of manners which have been imputed to her. She does not appear to be more than twenty-two years of age.

Both these portraits, for they are evidently by the same artist, are well painted, so far as relates to the tone of colouring; the neck and bosom of the Countess of Oldi is touched with that delicacy and fidelity to nature, which is the summit of art; and the whole of both pictures is highly finished. That they are good likenesses, we do not doubt, and that they will form an attractive exhibition for some time, is pretty certain. S.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Greene, whose successful debut as Polly, in the *Beggar's Opera*, we noticed in our last, has repeated the character, and has added still more to her reputation as Miss Wardour, in the play of the *Antiquary*, which was performed on Saturday night. She gave proofs of delicacy of tone and facility of execution which exceeded her former efforts, and proved the versatility as well as superiority of her talents. There was another novelty the same evening. Mr. Farren played the *Antiquary* with great humour. His despair on the loss of the lacrymatory was admirable; it was the despair of the connoisseur and the

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philosopher who had lost a treasure, which could not only never be replaced, but which was the basis of a system he had hoped to establish so successfully.

On Monday night, Mr. Macready appeared for the first time this season in one of the best of our modern tragedies, *Virginius*. His first entry was greeted with enthusiastic applause, which the audience felt no cause to retract in the course of his admirable delineation of the character. Mr. Charles Kemble and Miss Foote, as Iulius and Virginia, played with much spirit; the delineation of the Roman maid was faithful and highly interesting.

The managers of this theatre (or *management*, as they now term it,) 'ever anxious,' as they assure us, 'of affording the public an opportunity of witnessing the display of the first talent of every description on their stage, have engaged for a limited number of nights the principal dancers of the Opera House.' They were first introduced on Thursday evening, in the French ballet of *Joconde*, and met with some opposition by a portion of the audience, whose patriotism was unnecessarily roused at this employment of foreigners. There is something equally illiberal and injudicious in this conduct, towards unoffending individuals, who are only earning their living in a very innocent profession. Let us not strive to emulate the light heads and light heels of the French and Italians, since we can well allow them the superiority in that respect. The ballet has since been repeated and the opposition directed (more properly certainly) to some dashing *pirouettes*, which one of the ladies executed to the dreaded derangement of her costume.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A musical farce in two acts, called *Over the Water*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night. It is a free adaptation of a French farce, *Douze et Calais*, and owes its English dress to the indefatigable and ingenious Mr. Theodore Hook. The following is a brief outline of the plot:—

Trapley (J. Russel), a gay young Englishman, has eloped with the daughter of Count Florian, but, on his arrival at Calais, is met by a letter from his father, announcing a marriage projected for him with Miss Patty Angelina Bun (Mrs. Baker), the heiress of Mr. Deputy Bun. He leaves his mistress at Calais, and on reaching Dover, encounters the heiress on her flight to France with another lover, Mr. Dadikey (Oxberry), an errant Cockney, on whom she has already conferred the title of husband. They proceed across the Channel before Trapley discovers who they are, when he follows them to Calais, and to shew his power in the arts and devices of intrigue, he contrives to carry off the bride. As he is not in earnest, and really attached to Mademoiselle Florian, he restores her to the alarmed Cockney, at the moment he considered his fate inevitably sealed, and avows his passion for his first mistress, to whom he is united.

This sprightly little farce was extremely well received; an honour to which it was entitled, not only by its own merits, but by the very excellent acting which it exhibited. Oxberry, as the Cockney, excited abundant laughter; it was a broad caricature delineation, somewhat too comic, but intended to be ludicrous. Miss Corri, as the French bride, sang with great sweetness. The favourite air of *Roy's Wife*, which is introduced, was given by her in excellent style. She also sang, in a very pleasing manner, the French air, *Oh non, je ne puis pas chanter*, in which a lady is supposed to decline singing whilst in the very act of complying delightfully. The other characters were well sustained, and the farce promises to be a favourite.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Carew, the accomplished vocalist, took her benefit at this theatre on Tuesday evening, for which occasion she had selected Colman's amusing opera of *Inkle and Yarico*. The interesting young savage was sustained with all that warmth and truth of feeling so peculiarly the characteristic of this young lady's acting whenever the scene places her in a situation calculated to call it forth. We have seen her in many characters, and always with pleasure; but we never remember our sympathies being more largely drawn upon than on this occasion. She was in excellent voice, and introduced several songs with great effect. The other characters were cast in a manner reflecting the highest credit on the judgment of the manager; and we confess we felt ourselves, (as we have frequently done before at this house,) quite 'at home.' After the opera, we were regaled with a *Musical Olio*, at the close of which Miss Carew sang, 'The Soldier tired,' which she was loudly called upon to repeat. The *Vampire* closed the entertainments of the evening, and dismissed a highly gratified and numerous audience.

MR. RAE.—This excellent actor and amiable gentleman, who had been for some time in a declining state of health, died on the 7th inst. He has left a wife, a son, and two daughters, totally without provision. Considerable interest is, however, excited on their behalf; and Mr. Elliston, with that prompt humanity which he has often displayed, has tendered the use of his theatre for a benefit for the family. We trust the appeal will not be made in vain, but that the public will testify their respect for the memory of the deceased, and their benevolence towards his now destitute family, by the most liberal support.

Application has been made to Mrs. Siddons, for her professional aid on the occasion, to which she has returned the following answer, which is as creditable to her regard for the profession, as it is honourable to the feelings of her heart:—

'SIR,—I should with the greatest pleasure embrace those means which you propose, to pay my tribute of respect to the memory of poor Mr. Rae, and to evince my sympathy for the unhappy family who have suffered so great and irreparable a loss; but, upwards of sixty years old, it is not to be supposed that I can be exempted from the natural infirmities attendant on such an advanced age, and be assured, Sir, that it is my inability, and not my inclination, which leads me to decline what it would give me the greatest pleasure to accede to. With the sincerest wishes for the success of your benevolent efforts on this melancholy event,

'I have the honour to be, Sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

'Sandbeck Park, Sept. 23.

'S. SIDDONS.'

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Iron Bridge on a new Construction.—An iron bridge on a new construction, has been erected over the river Chalmer, near Springfield in Essex, which is said to be of great strength and beauty. Mr. Dodd, who furnished the design of Waterloo Bridge, is the architect. The iron bridge at Springfield differs from all others in its construction, by not resting on any piers or buttresses, but is simply built on iron columns, driven into the river's bank; it does not form an arch, but a straight line across the river, therefore has no lateral thrust or pressure. This newly introduced system in bridge building, is of great importance in the saving of expense. To make the columns as secure as possible, after they

had been driven down as far as they could be with a pile-engine, they were made the fulcrum of an immense long lever, with heavy weights suspended at the outer ends, producing a pressure of more than three times the calculated weight the bridge will ever have to sustain. The plan of these bridges require no spandrells, and of course will admit vessels to approach any part of their aperture, without being more materially confined to the centre, as there is a necessity for in bridges formed with arches. The principal strength and stability of this bridge, are obtained by elliptical arcs and chords, kept so flat, that the purposes of the truss girder are fully obtained, with superior elegance and greater strength, and may be extended to an indefinite length. Two of those cross the river, their extreme ends resting on the iron pillars driven into the river-banks, and not projecting higher than the hand-rail of the ballustrade, with an extended chord from the two points of the basement, holding them together and preventing their extending by pressure, and to which elliptical arc-piece are attached chords of suspension, for supporting the flooring of the bridge; these chords of suspension are flat form stiles between the pannels of the beautiful Gothic work on each side of the bridge. This bridge being upon the principles of tenacity, the chief part of the iron acts upon the pulling system longitudinally. There are grooves in the top of those iron columns, on which the whole bridge has room to contract or expand, so necessary from the various changes of heat and cold, —as the other iron bridges have suffered materially from the want of this precaution; and evidence has been given before the House of Commons, that the Southwark Bridge rises from two to two and-a-quarter inches in the middle of the day, and settles again in the evening. If those iron columns resist the floating ice in winter, of which, from their strength and dimensions, there can be little doubt, Mr. Dodd has introduced an economical plan in bridge building.

Voyage to the North Pole.—From the accounts brought by the whalers, there is reason to hope, that the expedition sent out under the command of Lieut. Parry, for the discovery of the North West Passage, are not only safe, but may even have accomplished in part, at least, the objects of the voyage. The ships were seen and spoken with in July, last year, being then on their passage to Lancaster sound; and it is conjectured, that they may have made their way through the sound, into seas hitherto unexplored. This conjecture is strengthened by intelligence just received from Davis's Straits, by which it appears, that in the present manner Captain Johnson, in the *Cambrian*, of Hull, sailed up Lancaster sound, and there was no appearance of land or any obstruction. Two other whalers had been in much higher latitudes than Captain Ross.

A chemist of Paris, has invented a soap for the beard, which takes it off without a razor!!!

The Bee.

*Florifæris ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Debtors in Sweden.—In Sweden, prisoners for debt are constantly liberated throughout the dominions of that crown, once a year, *i. e.* on Christmas day; the crown taking upon itself to pay the creditor his demand; which is, however, still seldom at first discharged in full, but by a compromise. The debtor being liberated, the crown takes possession of all his valuables, which are sold at a fair market, and generally at good prices; and if the amount is nearly equal to discharging the whole of the debts, a compliment is made to the debtor to set him up again in business; and if, on the other hand, there are little or no effects, his future goods, chattels, &c. are made liable. This practice has had such beneficial effects, that in the year 1768, there were 2000 debtors so liberated; there were, in 1781, only 460 debtors freed in this manner. The shame of an annual tribunal, which discovers their names, characters, &c. having had one good effect of rendering them

industrious and honest.—Query. Would it not be worth while to try means so successful?

Pride.—A friend to the elder Scaliger wrote to acquaint him that he should make mention of him in a work that he meant to publish, and wished to know what he should say of him. Were not the answer of the elder Scaliger made actually extant, in the printed collection of letters, it could not be credited. 'Endeavour,' said he, 'to collect your best ideas of what Massinissa, what Xenophon, and what Plato were, and your portrait will bear some, although an imperfect, resemblance of me.'

Mr. Galland, in his *Arabian Tales*, frequently repeats the words 'My dear sister, if you do not sleep, tell us one of your tales.' Some young men who had been disgusted at the repetition, determined one winter night to go and awaken the poor Galland, hallooing loudly under his window, M. Galland! M. Galland! He opened the window and enquired what they wanted. 'M. Galland,' said one of them, 'are you the translator of these beautiful *Arabian Tales*?' 'I am the very person.' 'Ah, well! M. Galland, if you do not sleep, tell us one of your tales.'

Honour.—An Englishman on a hunting party hastily struck a Peon, or East India foot soldier, for having let loose at an improper time a greyhound. The Peon happened to be Rajahpout, which is the highest tribe of Hindoo soldiers. On receiving the blow, he started back with an appearance of horror and amazement, and drew his poignard; but again composed himself, and looking steadfastly at his master, he said 'I am your servant, and have long eaten your rice,' and having pronounced this, he plunged the dagger into his own bosom.

Cause of Bankruptcies.—A country gentleman being asked what he conceived to be the cause of so many bankruptcies? answered, '*attornies*; for if you look into the said list,' said he, 'you will find one or two *limbs of the law* at the end of unfortunate tradesman's name.'

Love.—A few miles from Florence, a lady of singular beauty and exquisite symmetry was some years ago found dead beneath a tree. She held fast in her lifeless hand the miniature painting of a gentleman, and upon her snow-white breast was pendant a ticket or label, inscribed with the following words:—'O you who have hearts susceptible of sympathy and compassion, if ye find the remains of a woman who lost her reason for love, do not disdain to fulfill her desire, and perform the last sad office of affording her a coffin and a grave. Would you open her bosom, which at all events and vicissitudes of fortune remained chaste and pure, ye will therein find a heart the victim of suffering and woe.'

Jeu d'Esprit.—In consequence of the attack recently made by a mob on the office of the *Oxford Herald*, the following *jeu d'esprit* has appeared in that paper:—'*Advertisement Extraordinary.*—Whereas several bushels of pebbles were, on Monday last, left at the houses of the publishers of this paper. Notice is hereby given, that the owners may have them again on application being made to the *Herald Office*.'

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